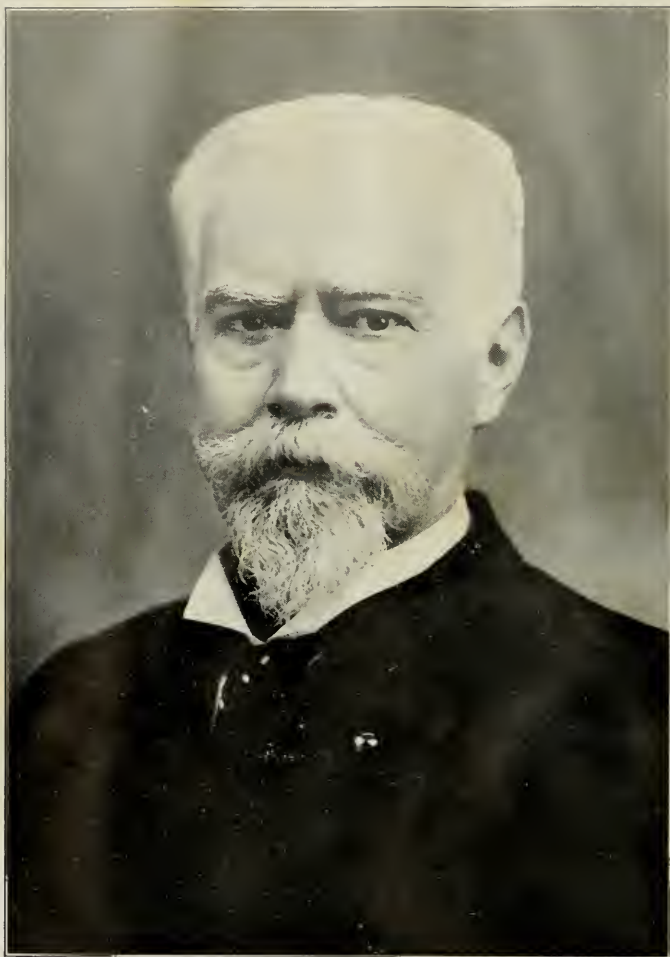


Major General Grenville M. Dodge





GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK



MAJOR GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

Addresses

at the

Celebration of the
Eighty-third Anniversary of the Birth

of

Major General Grenville M. Dodge

He was a brave, gallant and capable general of the Union and, if possible, a more mighty captain of Industry;

But, above all,

Is a delightful neighbor and our warm and loyal friend.

Saturday Noon Club

April 12, 1914

General John C. Black

Orator of the Occasion

THE MONARCH PRINTING CO.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA:

1914

General John C. Black

Gentlemen of the Saturday Noon Club of Council Bluffs:

I am here to join his neighbors in honoring a man whom I love, and I rise among you with something of apprehension, not of your judgment, for that I know will be kindly; not because of the subject of my remarks, who is friend first and critic afterward, but from a sense now present with me of the majesty of the things that have passed in review before me since I received your kindly invitation to be present and to speak at this banquet.

Sometimes in the course of the busiest affairs of everyday life something will take us from the midst of the hurly burly and cause us to review our way through the long distances of the past. Its events come to us in procession, not always orderly as they occurred, but rather in the proportion of their personal importance to us at the time we were actors in them. The impressions of the time or occasion die down; the vast level view comes as when one looks at an ocean of tumbling waves. But when we think closely we recall the depths and the heights through and upon which we moved. So tonight I am thinking of the many incidents of a career which has been contemporaneous with that of your guest of honor, and full to me of the splendid life of the last fifty years in which he has borne his great part.

All of my life nearly has been passed in this West. I remember when its known borders stretched along the Missouri river; I remember when Western Iowa was a far country, isolated by distance and difficulty of communication from the mass and center of the Union. I remember what the West was, not only to me but to every man and boy of that now vanishing period, a

period when there was no telegraph, when the mails came to us once a week, when a newspaper was a rarity, a great book, a treasure, and the man of a library a distinguished personage. The movements of population were beginning; they were insignificant; the frontier was pushed but slowly toward the West. A few thousands of peoples occupied Iowa, and a few hundreds of thousands were all that dwelt in the great Northwest.

Still in the midst of this people, themselves frontiersmen, restless, active, indomitable, there were those who longed for a greater freedom and for wider fields of enterprise and conquest. Now and then a colony went out from this slenderly populated region, passing on some unknown trail toward the unknown land. It went guarded; its men were armed as for battle; its women were prepared for all the hardships of discovery. When these colonies crossed the Missouri river and moved away the memories of them were all that remained. We that lingered knew that upon them might fall destruction; that they were gone from our lives; we knew of the perils, real and imaginary, of the journeys they were undertaking; we knew of the long stretches of torrid land and the long perils of drouth; we knew of the drying springs and the arid and sunburned plains that furnished them passage; we knew, too, of the disaster and starvation which had befallen their forerunners; of the raging torrents that sometimes burst their bounds and overwhelmed them; of the mountains that raised their awful barriers before them, and of the covert passes where the savage stood on guard, and ambuscaded death awaited the coming pioneer. We knew that the ways across the Continent were dotted with the graves of the young, the fair and the brave; we knew that at the last, when successful and when they had reached the other side of the Continent, they were gone, and forever.

The West was a region not alone of romance but of mystery, and yet of allurements and of possibly great reward for success. Those who stood here upon the western boundary and gazed into the distance, filled with the restless spirit of the frontier, looked and wondered what they could do to make a pathway for the swarming myriads that were to come and to plunge into these perils.

There is a picture in the Nation's Capitol which, in my judgment, is a work of great genius, not from its color nor its perspective, but because the artist who painted it caught and put into it the spirit of the time of which I am speaking. It is the picture of an emigrant train, men, women, children, as I have sought to describe them to you, toiling up through a narrow mountain pass, until at last as they reach the summit the great West breaks upon their wondering vision. They see its vanishing forms, and they see, too, the coming places, the future happy homes, the future great cities, the future growth of freedom. Holding his rifle, the leader of the party stands with his foot upon the highest rock in the rough trail and shades his eyes with brawny hand while he looks toward the splendor of the setting sun.

Thousands of such scenes, varied in detail, were enacted by the humble unknown travelers of that time; and they stood not always upon mountain peaks, but upon those mental heights which genius builds for her favored sons.

And amongst those who stood thus came a young man from the regions by the seas, and his quickened vision gazed into these long stretches of desolation and peril. His spirit answered to the call of the region and its needs, and he settled himself to subdue and conquer and make safe a pathway for those that were to tread in his trail. He had paused long enough in Illinois to

claim a wife from among our daughters, and thus given us a proprietary and undying interest in him and his fortunes; and in the earliest stages of his life, before he had reached Iowa and while he still lingered in Illinois, he had won the confidence of those about him by his energy, his industry and his fidelity.

The career of Grenville M. Dodge here at his home I will not depict to you; you all know it; it has been told over and over; it was always success, always engagements in high enterprises, always with a view to the ultimates of manhood, always looking forward for the best for his people and his country.

And so he might have lived and passed away with the other coming myriads; but while so struggling and while so succeeding there came the blast of the bugle, the call of the country; and, responding to that call, he gave up every occupation of civil life and devoted his existence from that time until the close of the great struggle solely to the cause of his country.

In the earlier days of that contest none were more active than he in preparing therefor or in participating therein. He held the borders of Iowa, when threatened, safely against the enemy; and when invasion threatened, he rushed to the front, drove back an active and confident foe, and made the borders of Iowa borders of peace for all time; and when he repelled an invading foeman from the Hawkeye state he earned a place in her Hall of Fame which will be his until the end of time.

I am not going over all of this earlier period in detail. But so it was that in the first of 1862 he, Colonel Dodge, led the Fourth Iowa to the battlefield at Pea Ridge, on which I was in service as the commander of the Thirty-seventh Illinois. He was on the one wing and I was in the center playing the humble part of the commander of a regiment. On that field he felt the sting of

the bullet; and so did I. In that contest, which the strategists of the world have recognized as of prime importance, for reasons which the soldier will appreciate and the citizen can understand, in that contest, which was the fiercest and most extensive which had been waged anywhere on our far-spread battle line except at Bull Run, his regiment was the heaviest loser, and mine was next; and when the smoke had cleared and deserved honor had fallen upon him my mind and thought turned to the splendid Colonel of the Fourth Iowa; and from that day to this, thank God, we have been friends. And this is the personal element which makes this occasion peculiarly dear to me.

In the state of Illinois, where Dodge had passed the earlier part of his young manhood, there had been nurtured another citizen with whose name honor will be busy through a thousand years. The state had taken to her bosom Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest conquerer that the earth has seen in a hundred years, and he was a conquerer not alone because he had the genius of war, but because he had an intimate knowledge of men. He had been a graduate of West Point. In that school every student passes daily under the microscopic observance of his classmates, who there study, unconsciously, each other's characteristics and learn them and store the knowledge up for future use. They know each other as intimately as children of the same family. They are as a rule men of slenderest fortune, who enter the army without factitious advantage, depending only upon their individual merits for success. But army service itself tends to develop only the tactical soldier. This is not sufficient equipment for a great leader, and in the chapter of events it came about that Grant left that service through weaknesses of habit that then inhered in it, to struggle, without help from the Government, for a bare

livelihood; and in the sad period of his retirement he was thrown into intimate relations with the plain people of the land. He came to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, to learn what the common man does under circumstances of difficulty and trial, what are his aspirations, what his trials, and along what lines lie his successes.

I take it that you at this board are all men of success; I take it that in your various advantages you have turned inquiring eyes upon your associates, eyes of respect upon those who have preceded you, eyes of appreciation upon those among you who rise to honor. You learn the intimacies of their character; and this great genius of war of whom I am speaking beyond doubt found the greatest educational period of his life in the time of his trouble and depression. He came to look under the surface, and at the man and for the man who could serve and who could succeed; and when he stepped back into the ranks of war he was panoplied not alone with the knowledge of arms, but doubly strong in the knowledge of men.

With the history of his military career it is not my province to deal. He rose from the unknown in a fashion as wonderful as that which made the name of Bonaparte illustrious in the campaigns in Italy. The rush of his battalions was resistless, and the Valley of the Mississippi is dotted with the great places where he fought and succeeded; and at last the Nation called him to the supreme command of all its armies. And when at last that summons came and he passed from Chattanooga, Look-out Mountain, Missionary Ridge, to the supreme command, he scanned the field for those who had done well and would be of help in the titantic struggles that lay before him and who would be able to hold all that he had gained and to assist in those things he had yet to

do. Going over, then, the list of the successful fighters of his command, in the selection of men upon whom he could utterly depend, his wisdom, not his partiality, selected as one of the chiefest of these, Grenville M. Dodge, making him his confident, his trusted and beloved subaltern.

To you who are General Dodge's friends and neighbors, let me relate this incident of that time which his modesty has concealed. Atlanta's battle had been fought. The Mississippi Valley to the north was under the control of our arms. The campaigns of three years were secure, and the death stroke was to be delivered to the rebellion. Who would bring together the widely separated armies of the Republic? Sherman was selected. How greatly he discharged his duties the world knows, but it is not generally known that second to Sherman, the man upon whom the conquerer relied and who was closest to Grant's heart, and who was only second in his schemes that looked to the great march to the sea, was Grenville M. Dodge. And with Sherman as with Grant, he discharged every duty that lay before him; and when on the 22d of July the Gray waves of valor broke their bounds and came rolling on our scattered lines and death claimed great McPherson, there was no figure taller in that fighting, determined and victorious Army in Blue than that of Grenville M. Dodge. His work was done then; the theater of mighty war was transferred to regions farther south and beyond the Alleghanies. There was demanded in the great Department of the Missouri a man of utter reliability and of broad knowledge of the people and the region to be controlled, and that Department was given to him, and remained under his control until the end of hostilities.

He had won enough of fame for an ordinary career; he had accomplished successes which would have justi-

fied a quiet retirement from the great activities of life. But he was still young; he was resolute, he was resourceful; and when peace came he returned to new responsibilities and new duties. He took up the burdens of civil life where he had laid them down five years before. What a period that five years had been, of struggle, of victory, of the great things that lie in the way of duties well and nobly done!

So, with undiminished power, with resources all at command, he devoted himself to the opening of that pathway to the West of which I spoke in the earlier part of my remarks, and became the eminent figure in smoothing out the highway upon which the Nation should move, over its own dominion, from ocean to ocean.

But he did not stand as the surveyor and thinker; he was the active, resistless, powerful man of affairs. Under his leadership and direction the savage was driven from the path of progress, the iron rails were stretched from the Missouri to the Pacific Coast; and far distant California, isolated by plains and mountains, proud of the part that she had borne in the salvation of the Republic, proud of her little contribution of citizen-soldiery, was furnished a thoroughfare by this man's capacity back to the old land and the old home; bonds were stretched between the great oceans that never, never will be dissolved.

I have recently come from the heart of that region, and all around I found men and things that showed the affection of the multitudes who were aided by him in their great expansion and who have gratefully preserved his name in mountains and rivers and in the cities that dot the plains, in the names of enterprises that have been accomplished, in the names of successes that have been assured, in the names of enterprises that are part and parcel of the vivid, living Western life today; and

wherever the pioneer lingers on that broad trail, now grown to the width of an empire, the name of Grenville M. Dodge is preserved in the speech and on the maps of the dwellers.

While it is splendidly worth while to have been spent in such a cause, it is sweeter to live and in the end look upon projects all of which have benefited humanity, all of which have strengthened the Nation, all of which have added to the glories of this Republic. I am very proud to have known and watched the great and steadfast and luminous growth of this character. There has been nothing in his career meteoric, nothing of the iridescent splendor that for a day may gild enterprise; but he has trodden the plain path of duty, wherever it might lead; and the tallest monument that will be built to him will be not of bronze or of stone, but in the historic and affectionate remembrances of the great peoples whom he has served.

Fellow Countrymen, we are now, as I take it, in the youth and heyday of American life. Thousands of years from this time, God willing—and we do not ask human consent—God willing, the Republic will be here and her commerce will move along that pathway of this man's building, and he finally will stand revealed as among the greatest of American men, a doer of great deeds well done and benefitting the world. And what a character the American character will be when fully disclosed! We have had Washington, we have had Lincoln, we have had Grant, we have had Jackson, we have had many mighty men, civic and otherwise; but as yet they are single stars in a great constellation. By and by as the constellation recedes these scattered luminaries will gather in a common purpose and a common form, and that will be the ideal American, of whom this man, your guest tonight, is a type, the doer of deeds, the thinker

of human thoughts. I congratulate you that one of the men of this mighty type has made his abode with you. He adds, in his declining days, the subdued luster of a great life to this place where so many American pathways join, and where his memory will so long endure, in the center of a region where have been developed the explorers and the early builders of our time and race; great among all of them will be the character, the career, and the honor of Grenville M. Dodge.

Smith McPherson

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

It was with great satisfaction that I put my work to one side and come from my home to join with my friends at Council Bluffs in paying tribute to General Dodge and likewise General Black. Of course, I had known of General Black for a great many years; I had seen him here at one, perhaps two meetings of the Army of the Tennessee.

Some six months ago I was riding in the observation car on the Burlington road and I kept looking at a gentleman and saying to myself, "I have seen him," and he impressed me a good deal as General Joe Shelby was impressed at Prairie Grove. Something told me to keep my distance and not approach nearer than the middle of the isle of the car. When he left the car, I knew that he was a person of distinction; but I did not know him until the next day when I read from the Council Bluffs papers that General Black was visiting General Dodge. Then I knew whom I had seen on the train.

Many years since, General Dodge was pointed out to me. I have learned to honor and respect him, and love him. I have one little story that I have told so often that it may be stale to some of you, but I will tell it again. This was when the Army of the Tennessee met here a number of years ago. General Dodge wrote me a letter to be present, stating that certain parties would be here, and "I want you to be here to represent General James B. McPherson." I replied to General Dodge that I could not claim any near relationship to General McPherson. He wrote me back that I would be heard, and I must attend the banquet, so I concluded perhaps that as good a subject as I could talk upon would be General McPherson.

It has always been my practice to go to General Dodge for history pertaining to the Western Armies. I remember on one occasion I told him of the various histories I had read, and I was then reading Fiske's history. General Dodge told me to put it away and stop instantler; he told me it was the most unreliable—that Fiske was the biggest liar this side of Munchausen. However, I concluded to pursue it, and in my study of General James B. McPherson I found what I thought was the greatest tribute to General Dodge. It related to the terrible battle of July 22d. Matters had been going quite badly over on the left of the army. Sherman and McPherson had been having trouble getting reports, and everything was going to the bad and finally McPherson said that he could not remain there, that he must go to the left and see if he could not do something to help. When he got through there and the smoke had cleared away and he saw what had happened, he waived his hat to his staff and yelled, "Hurrah for Dodge, he's got 'em." And so far as anyone was ever able to ascertain those were the last words of General McPherson.

That banquet was on the sixth floor of this hotel. Father Sherman, General Fred Grant, General Black and General Dodge urged me to say a few words, and I told this story. Immediately afterwards, General Dodge told me that he wanted to see me out in the corridor. I went out with him and he says, "Where did you get that." I said, "I cannot tell you." He says, "You will;" I says, "I will not." The next day at another banquet there were two or three generals present, including General Dodge, and I asked General Dodge what he thought of Fiske as a historian. He said he was the biggest liar that ever used a pen. General Dodge said that it is not a lie, that McPherson said, "Hurrah for Dodge, he's got

'em," but he said that Fiske is unreliable. From that time on General Dodge read Fiske with more consideration.

I always feel at home at Conneil Bluffs, where my home once was, and I sincerely thank the gentlemen of the Saturday Noon Club for inviting me to be present at this occasion in honor of General Dodge and General Black.

Rev. A. G. A. Buxton, D. D.

Mr, Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Saturday Noon Club:

It seems to me almost impossible to say anything that would be worth while after what has been said and said so beautifully that if it were within the character of rhetorical construction to cut the words uttered, they would bleed. The expression of regard and appreciation for our honored guest and citizen, this man of achievement, who surmounting obstacles so great as to extract the defying ingredient from the seemingly impossible and turn the channel of difficulty into accomplishment and victory, have come forth from the lips of the orator and speaker of the evening, like odors from the new-born bud, fresh from the womb and life of spring.

While sitting here, I have been mediating, thinking and listening to the articulate music in the voice of this soldier, this scholar and this statesman of American product, General John C. Black, who has beautifully portrayed with words of eloquence and truth this man of men, General Dodge. I have been thinking of that power and potent energy which makes possible the epochs of human history in the expression of life's noble career. To say that George Washington, and the Continental Army, made possible the birth of this Country without the direction and protection of a Divine Providence, is to state an untruth. To say that the wars of the '60s with their conquests and conflicts, grew and blossomed into the laurels of victory on the side of right and humanity, without the intervention of a Divine Hand, is to discredit the presence and favors of the Great God, Who led the armies of this Country, and Who's manifest purpose was so impregnate in American endeavors with the qualities of freedom, and Who crowned our efforts with

the handiwork of that Colonial Dame, "Betsy Ross," who's silken emblem still waves and will forever float, in it's heaven tinted array, over "the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." God has appointed His men in the day of great moment, in the day when the man of purpose was needed to lubricate the wheels of evolution with the mental oils of his psychic genius, whether in the destruction of the enemy's stronghold, or in the laying of steel rails, over which to transmit the commerce of progressive civilization from the middle-west to where the spray of the great and beautiful Pacific cools the evening of his laborious and successful exertion, with the refreshing and well-earned rest of the soldier, the commander, and ingenious surveyor. Such is the history in brief of our honored guest, the epitome of American genius, the exemplar of perseverance. One of God's men in war and railway construction, one whom we all love, and one, whom the future generations will respect and regard, General Grenville M. Dodge. General Black has related in a most pleasing and eloquent manner the story of his experience and association with this great American character, and the history of tomorrow will forever bear the name of his friend and comrad to the ambitious youth of the future day, with an imaginary sense of the fiery zeal of a Dodge, who put his muscle into battle and his brain into steel. And when the day of eternal rest shall come and humankind shall stack their rusty muskets upon the battle-field of everlasting peace, General Dodge, with a Washington and a Lincoln, and with men whom God has used in the efforts of life's great conquest, we feel, will receive a victor's reward. May God bless you, my Dear Sir, our friend and brother, with many more such happy birthdays and spare your life to us for many more years to come.

General Grenville M. Dodge

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Saturday Noon Club, and Guests:

I regret that I am unable to say much to you tonight. I am very grateful for your kind greetings, and you all know how fully I appreciate your great kindness and personal friendship to me in yearly making my birthday one of great pleasure and honor to me.

I am also very thankful for the heavenly blessing that has allowed me to be present with you tonight after a year of anxiety and much suffering. But there has come with it many silver linings to the cloud, for from all parts of the country have come greetings of sympathy and support that have all given me much pleasure and much courage, none more than that which came from the Saturday Noon Club.

I was astonished to receive so many greetings from old comrades and friends that I hadn't heard from for forty years or more; men who were with me in those strenuous times, and it was a great satisfaction to know that they remembered me.

It is easy to keep up a physical courage, but a moral courage is hard to build up and sustain. And I have often thought of an incident that came to my notice at the Battle of Pea Ridge, when the day was the darkest, and the fighting furious.

An enlisted man of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, as he was being carried to the rear, desperately wounded, passed me and said to me: "Don't give up Colonel, stick to them; fight them and you will win yet." The past year it has been hard to "fight" or to "stick to them," but I have managed not to give up.

One of the greatest pleasures of the evening is that my comrade, General John C. Black, has come many miles to be with me. Since 1862 we have been close friends; that friendship has grown into an affection for each other that has been a great pleasure to both of us, and I wish to thank him for his eloquent, graceful and beautiful tribute to me tonight.

I wish again with all my heart to thank the Saturday Noon Club and the guests for the great pleasure and honor they have given me this evening.



